

# THE BOOK CLUB OF CALIFORNIA QUARTERLY

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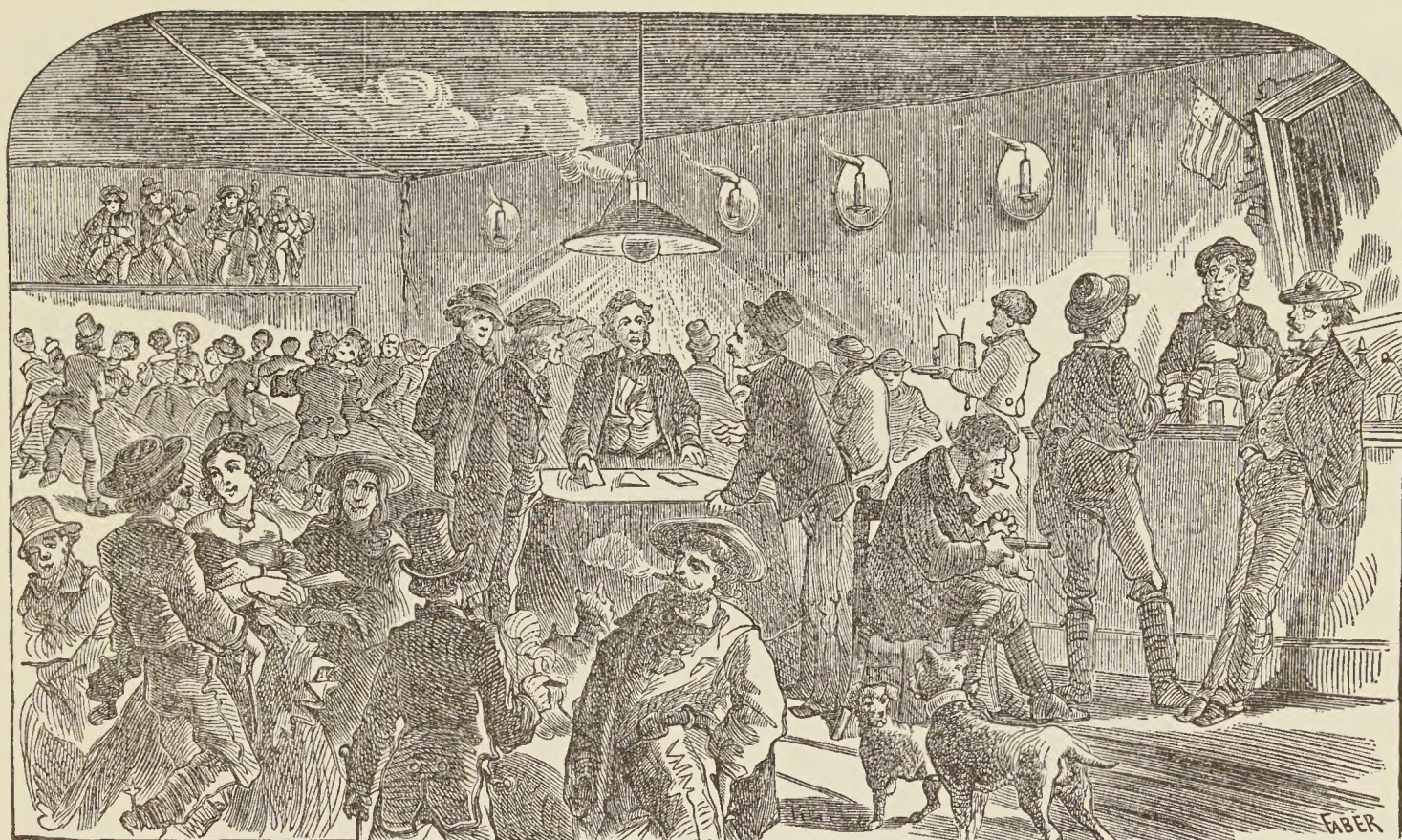
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AMUSEMENTS IN DAWSON CITY.

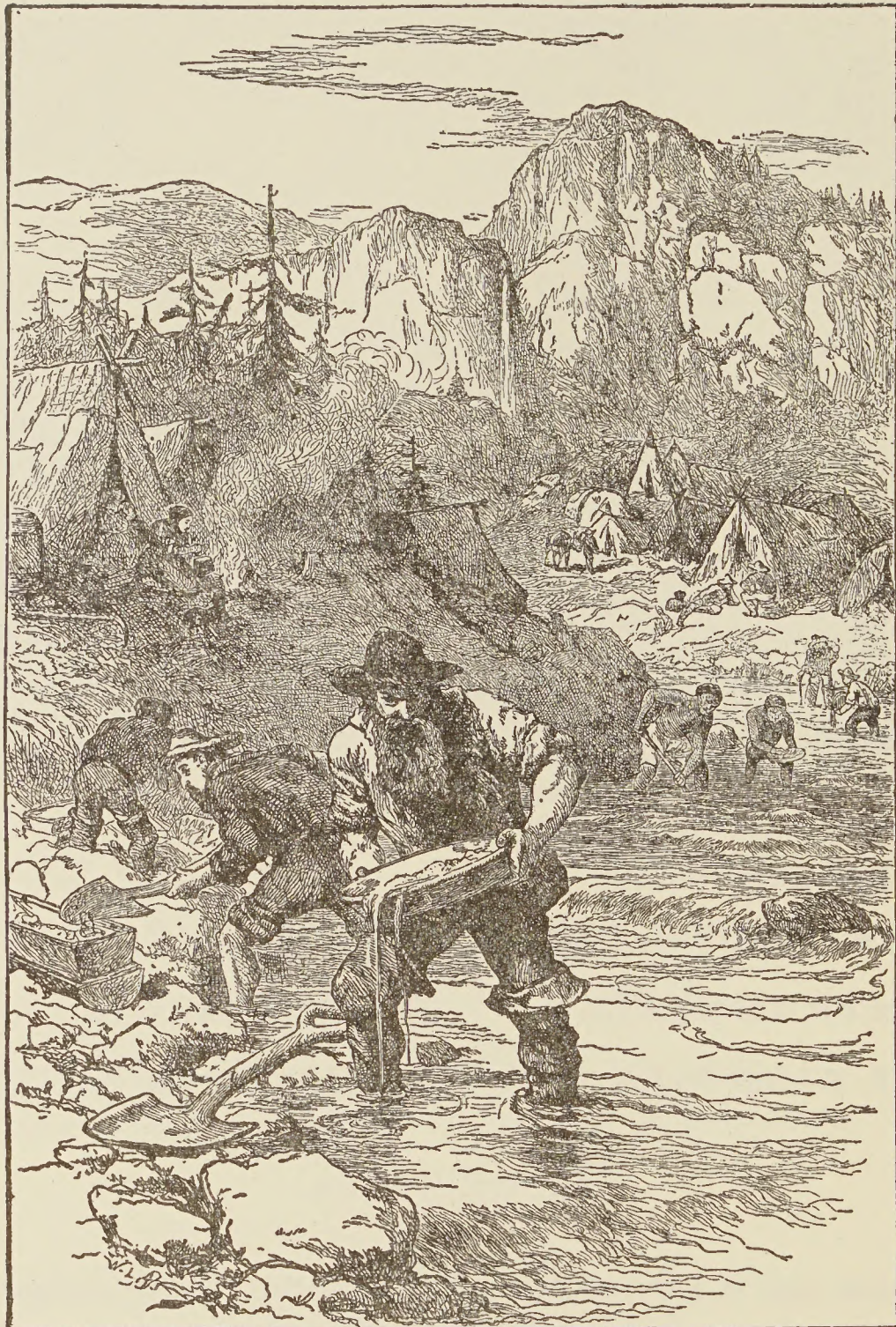
FROM DARTMOUTH COLLEGE TO THE YUKON ARCHIVES:  
A SUMMER IN SEARCH OF BIBLIOGRAPHIC GOLD ON  
THE KLONDIKE AND ALASKAN GOLD RUSHES

Gary F. Kurutz

Journey without end is a thought that has frequently come across my mind in attempting to complete a descriptive bibliography of the Klondike and Alaska gold rushes covering the years 1896–1905. Another image that regularly enters my consciousness is a dramatic black and white photograph of a long string of men looking like tiny ants struggling over the snow and ice-covered Chilkoot Pass on their way to the Klondike gold fields. At times, it seems as though I have been climbing the bibliographic equivalent of that famous golden staircase.

In late September 2017, my wife KD and I returned home from my fourth and what I hope is final trip to the Yukon Archives in Whitehorse and the Alaska State Library in Juneau. Both have tremendous collections of rare books and pamphlets documenting what has been called the last great Western gold rush. Moreover, walking over the soil once trampled by gold seekers adds immeasurably to my appreciation of the physical obstacles they faced. In addition to these two wonderful institutions, I have also spent many enjoyable days sifting through the remarkable literature of this historic event at twenty-six other





PLACER MINING ON THE KLONDIKE RIVER.

libraries, museums, archives, and the holdings of private collectors and antiquarian booksellers.

Several people have asked, "Why the Klondike?" I must first give credit to the late antiquarian bookseller, Robert L. Hawley. After the Book Club of California published *The California Gold Rush, A Descriptive Bibliography of Books and Pamphlets Covering the Years 1849–1853* in 1997 by yours truly, Bob said to me "You should take on the Klondike." Several years went by but that idea stayed with me. What really solidified my thinking, however, was having lunch with that great scholar of Mexican history and professor emeritus from the University of San Francisco, Dr. W. Michael Mathes and mentioning the Klondike project. Much to my surprise, Mike gushed with enthusiasm and described to me his many trips to Alaska and



the Yukon. He then suggested that we do a road trip north, stressing that it was essential to see firsthand North America's "last frontier." I agreed and in August 2013, Mike met me at my home in Sacramento driving a brand new pickup truck and off we went on a 9,000-mile road trip that took us as far north as Dawson City at the confluence of the Yukon and Klondike Rivers, southwest to Anchorage, and thence by ferry boat to Juneau. We also drove the Alcan Highway for many hundreds of miles. All the while, we took in breathtaking scenery while visiting museums, libraries, and bookstores along the way. Thanks to Bob and Mike, I came down with a raging case of Klondike fever, wanting to return again and again to visit and revisit many libraries in Canada and the US with notable collections.

Working on this bibliography became a serious avocation and significantly enhanced my knowledge of Canadian and Alaskan history and literature. Naturally, I started collecting and reading books on the subject and became totally entranced by the eyewitness accounts generated by the stampede. Of course, I knew of the Klondike because of the writings of Jack London with his *White Fang* and *Call of the Wild*. In addition, I grew to appreciate the entrancing works of poet Robert Service and novelist Rex Beach. But what really motivated and inspired me was learning that the man who, with his Native American "brothers," actually discovered Klondike gold was George W. Carmack, a native of Port Costa, California, and the son of a Forty-niner. In addition, such well known figures as Alexander Pantages and Sid Grauman of theater fame; San Francisco hotelman and owner of Rancho Santa Anita, E. J. Lucky Baldwin; California lawman Wyatt Earp; and Wilson Mizner, the future founder of Hollywood's Brown Derby Restaurant, all joined the stampede to this new land of gold. To add further to my interest, San Francisco stood as one of the primary outfitting and jumping off points to the Klondike, and Dawson City—the principal gold rush boomtown—was referred to as the San Francisco of the north.

When I have mentioned this project to other librarians, collectors, and booksellers, they often tell me about a collection of photographs or original letters located at a particular institution. I explain to them that I am excluding such collections, as there are not enough lifetimes to cover them all. Rather, this bibliography, like the California Gold Rush compendium, covers only published eyewitness accounts, reminiscences, government reports, and contemporary publications like guidebooks, mining company prospectuses, and booklets and pamphlets issued by transportation and outfitting companies. Chronologically, it covers the years 1896 when Carmack made his momentous discovery to 1905 when the stampede ended and mining became highly mechanized. Another major exclusion is fiction. The Klondike and Alaskan publications of Jack London, Robert Service, and others have been well covered by author bibliographies. As it is, this bibliography consists of over 700 titles plus descriptions of later editions and states.



In his book, *The Gold Crusades, A Social History of Gold Rushes, 1849–1929*, Douglas Fetherling wrote: “Perhaps more books have been written about the Klondike gold rush than about any other.” If you add to this the rush to Nome and the Seward Peninsula and the discoveries near present-day Fairbanks, one could say that he makes a valid point. Keep in mind that with the Klondike and Alaskan stampedes—in comparison to the California Gold Rush—we see a fifty-year advance in printing and photographic technology, making it much easier for publishers to flood the markets with alluring books and an endless stream of brochures and maps. These discoveries also took place when much of the world’s economy was mired in a deep depression or, as they termed it back in the day, a “panic.” However, the new discovery caused a new wave of gold mania unlike anything that had been seen since 1849. It also touched off a writing and publishing frenzy that caught the imagination of the world. Many guidebooks lured thousands by describing the ease of getting there, the healthy climate, and how gold nuggets could be picked up by the handful. As one brochure put it, “Do you want to be a millionaire?” Like the boys of '49, the Klondikers produced one of the great bodies of American eyewitness literature. As a consequence of this new discovery in the frozen north, journalists, printers, bookbinders, photographers, and booksellers struck gold.

In writing this bibliography, a great personal joy was “discovering” the Yukon Archives located on a bluff overlooking Whitehorse on the campus of Yukon College. On my first visit, the reference librarian in the downtown Whitehorse Public Library told me, “You must go there, it has a fabulous collection.” Despite its somewhat misleading name, the Yukon Archives is much more than a repository of governmental records. It houses a magnificent rare book library devoted to regional history and, of course, superbly documents the Klondike and other gold strikes in the Canadian northwest. The staff could not have been more helpful and they introduced me to the Robert C. Coutts Collection. Coutts, I quickly learned was the Yukon’s equivalent of Hubert Howe Bancroft or Henry R. Wagner. A onetime mining engineer and prospector, Coutts lived in Atlin in northern British Columbia, and loved the region’s colorful Gold Rush history. This, in turn, led him to acquire scores and scores of photographs, manuscripts, newspapers, periodicals, maps, and sheet music, and 2,800 books and pamphlets from collectors and dealers from around the world. Coutts wisely realized his collection needed to be shared and kept together. He then contacted the Yukon Archives concerning its purchase. Fortunately, others shared his enthusiasm and successfully raised the necessary funds from private donors and from the territorial and federal governments in 1978. Never losing his passion, he continued to prospect for new biblio-gold until his death in 2004. Because of its singular importance, the Yukon Archives housed the Coutts Library separately. Had I known then what I know now in writing this



bibliography, I would have started this project by taking up temporary residence in Whitehorse and living every day with the Coutts Library instead of visiting four separate times. It has far and away the finest collection on the subject.

Coutts is best known for an essential work of regional reference, *Yukon Place Names* (1980). However, what I came to appreciate about him was his thoroughness as a collector. He was a true bibliophile and scholar. This mining engineer acquired not only rarities but also later states and editions and variant bindings of a particular title. To give an example, *The Chicago Record* newspaper published one of the best-known guidebooks to the Klondike. Beautifully bound in pictorial cloth, *Klondike: The Chicago Record's Book for Gold Seekers* appeared in 1897 with a vexing number of different imprints. Typical of that era, the guide was sold by subscription by book canvassers. The newspaper printed the first edition but evidently, gave permission to several other publishing houses to issue the thick 500-page guidebook with the exact same text, format, and binding. The only difference consisted of changing the name of the publisher on the title page. However, the verso of the title page for each different imprint carried the copyright of the Chicago Record Company. Recognizing this, Coutts acquired six copies, all with a different publisher listed on the title page. Such thoroughness is greatly appreciated. Just to keep someone like me alert, I did notice that with one of the six copies, the printer mysteriously omitted the illustration on the title page. If this were not enough, the Chicago Record Company produced a special "Souvenir Edition" binding for the Alaska Bonanza Mining, Trading & Transportation Company of Chicago. The company, as demonstrated by copies examined, presented copies to favored individuals. Fortunately, these are also in the Coutts Collection. Not surprisingly, the newspaper plugged the windy city as the best jumping off point to the Yukon.

Another title in the Coutts Collection that challenged this bibliographer was A. C. Harris's *Alaska and the Klondike Gold Fields*. The first edition consisted of 528 pages and book canvassers sold the volume by subscription in 1897. Interestingly, a J. R. Jones and not the author held the copyright and no publisher or place is listed. Like the Chicago Record title, it too was then issued under different imprints and all have the same format, illustrations, and binding. In addition to the standard pictorial cloth binding, Jones or Harris produced a variant with a deluxe leather binding. That same year, an expanded edition of 556 pages came out with an added chapter devoted to more up-to-date information on the Klondike. In copies examined in the Coutts Library, the table of contents in one copy does not list the new chapter. All other chapters were listed and included a brief summary. Jones then printed a new edition shortly thereafter with the full chapter title and a summary in its table of contents. It brought joy to this writer to notice this subtle change rather than making the discovery after the bibliography had been published.



In addition to the Yukon Archives, four other western Canadian collections drew my attention. The British Columbia Archives in Victoria occupies the most beautiful physical location of all. Located in close proximity to that gorgeous city's inner harbor, the archives is across the street from the stately British Columbia Parliament Buildings and, in another direction, across the street from the enchanting Empress Hotel. Like the Yukon Archives, the Victoria institution also houses the Royal Provincial Library. It too has a dazzling collection formed by the astute Provincial Librarian, E. O. S. Scholefield. I first encountered this bookman when writing the California Gold Rush bibliography and became curious why a British Columbia government librarian had acquired many California books. Remarkably, he purchased these titles from none other than Robert E. Cowan, the notable California bookseller, bibliographer, and author of the Book Club of California's first book. It stood to reason that he would also build an extensive collection on western Canada's regional history. It should be pointed out that Victoria, located at the southern tip of Vancouver Island, served as a key jumping off point to the Klondike, and government officials and shop owners in their publications and advertisements reminded stampeders that the gold fields were in Canadian and not US territory.

West of Vancouver is the University of British Columbia and its special collections library holds a rich vein of Klondikiana (to coin a word). What delighted me most was to discover a tiny but fascinating cookbook written by a Suzy Tracy called the *Klondike Edition of Scientific Cookery* printed in Seattle in 1898. Like other cookbooks designed for those traveling in the Alaskan wilderness, it included not only recipes for meals but also hints of how to cope with the cold. For example, Tracy suggested, "sprinkle red pepper in the shoes to keep the feet warm." Another prominent guide written by Ernest Ingersoll, *Gold Fields of the Klondike* (1897), offered the following useful advice: "Keep your furs in good repair. One little slit may cause you untold agony;" and "When your nose is bitterly cold, stuff both nostrils with fur."

Claudia Skelton, a dear friend and bibliophile in Seattle, suggested that a visit to the University of Alberta in Edmonton was a must. She was right! Its Bruce Peel Special Collections Library skillfully led by Robert Desmarais likewise offered a collection worthy of such a key province. Edmonton served as the primary location of the all-Canadian route to the gold fields. Patriotic Canadians wanted to avoid crossing into US territory and paying customs duty. In addition to a splendid book and pamphlet collection, the Peel Library possesses the papers of the legendary Samuel B. Steele, the commander of the Royal Canadian Northwest Mounted Police who established law and order in the Klondike and made sure swarming Americans paid a tax to the English crown. Colonel Steele wrote a thrilling reminiscence published in 1915 in London and Winnipeg titled *Forty Years in Canada*. The library has the book's original manuscript and typescript with Steele's corrections.



Thanks to bookseller friend Cameron Treleaven of Aquila Books in Calgary, I learned of another stupendous treasure trove of Klondike material formed by collector John Eidt and recently given to the Simon Fraser University Library of Burnaby, British Columbia. Of course, this required a visit. Located outside of Vancouver, the Burnaby library proved to be filled with bibliographic gold. The staff could not have been more helpful and willingly pulled out dozens of books and pamphlets even though they had not yet been formally cataloged. They shared my excitement about the Eidt donation and it was a delight to convey my enthusiasm for individual books and to point out titles or variant editions I had not previously seen.

This last summer also required another trip to the Alaska State Library in Juneau. Travelling south into US territory from Whitehorse, we reached that ram-bunctious town of Skagway, the port at the head of the Lynn Canal where thousands of miners converged before heading over the Chilkoot and White passes to the Klondike. It was best known for its gambling saloons, hotels made from sail cloth, and that infamous confidence man, Randolph "Soapy" Smith and his gang of thugs. The National Park Service has created a beautiful visitor's center and restored several historic buildings. Boarding a ferry in Skagway, we then journeyed down the Lynn Canal to Juneau, the state capitol of Alaska. Interestingly, the seat of government for America's largest state can only be reached by water or air.

The Alaska State Library offers another bibliographic gold mine. Now located in a magnificent new building beautifully adorned with Native American art, it houses the collection of another indefatigable bookman, Judge James Wickersham. The first and only federal judge in Alaska during the height of the gold rush years and the first US Congressional delegate to represent the vast territory, he set out to acquire every known publication about Alaska including books, newspapers, periodicals, and government documents. So driven by this goal, he enlisted the help of the Library of Congress in tracking down Alaskana. By the 1920s, Wickersham had assembled the largest private library in the territory and, according to historian Terrence Cole, "the finest collection of Alaskana in existence." In 1927, the Alaska Agricultural College and School of Mines (now the University of Alaska) published his monumental *A Bibliography of Alaskan Literature 1724-1924*, which recorded all known publications about Alaska totaling a staggering 10,380 items. His bibliography has rightly been proclaimed as the most important book about Alaska. Fortunately, the Wickersham Library survived intact and is wonderfully accessible at the State Library. Every title I looked at included his handwritten bibliography number. Naturally, he collected everything he could find about the region's gold rushes. After all, the chaos that evolved in the American supply centers of Alaska and its mining towns like Nome, brought him to Alaska.



One other 2017 trip requires mention. Before heading to the far north, I learned of Dartmouth College's Klondike and Alaska collections via OCLC/WorldCat. During online searches, the college's name kept popping up so a trip to its Rauner Special Collections Library became a must visit. How did this gorgeous Ivy League college in the picturesque village of Hanover, New Hampshire, acquire so much Klondike material? Of course, it had received the titles via an indirect gift from a distinguished alumnus, Thomas W. Streeter, class of 1904. Every title I examined included his name as the source. Streeter, like he did for other institutions, donated money to Dartmouth to buy titles at the famous auction of his collection in 1966–1969. Streeter is recognized as one of the greatest of Western Americana collectors of the twentieth century. Because of his extraordinary bibliographic accomplishments and generosity, the college bestowed on him an honorary doctorate. I decided to tie that in with a return visit to another Streeter-enriched collection of Western Americana, the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library at Yale University.

In my research, I did not ignore collections south of the 49<sup>th</sup> parallel. California and the Pacific Northwest yielded much material. The Huntington Library generously provided me with a research grant and the University of Washington, the Bancroft Library at UC Berkeley, and UC San Diego's collections among others required several trips. UC San Diego's special collections houses the enormous Western mining collection donated by faculty member Richard E. Lingenfelter. Amazingly, Dr. Lingenfelter is a research physicist emeritus at the university's Center for Astrophysics and Space Sciences and a highly respected historian. Among his publications is the invaluable *The Mining West: A Bibliography & Guide to the Literature & History of Mining in the American & Canadian West*.

When it comes to the most important Klondike books, I would have to agree with that incomparable historian of Western Canada, Pierre Berton, that there are two that tower above the rest: William Haskell's *Two Years in the Klondike and Alaskan Gold-Fields* and Tappan Adney's *The Klondike Stampede*. They are both fabulous to read and peppered with humorous anecdotes.

Haskell wrote not only one of the finest accounts of the Alaska-Klondike excitement but also of any gold rush. Beautifully bound in pictorial cloth, this remarkable book published in 1898 covered every major facet of the run for riches. Haskell and his companion Joseph Meeker departed from San Francisco on March 15, 1896, traveled over the dreaded Chilkoot Pass, and arrived in the distant mining town of Circle City in northern Alaska. His narrative is highlighted by interviews with other miners. "All the gold in the world was there," exclaimed an excited Argonaut. Haskell's analysis is filled with practical advice and letting would-be stampedeers know of the region's harsh reality. In referring to the dance



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halls of the log-cabin town of Forty Mile, he wrote: "It is one of the peculiarities of the mining regions that much of the gold goes to those who do not dig it." Like with the California Gold Rush, those who mined the miners made the money. His trek, however, became tragic when his friend Meeker was lost under a shelf of ice as they headed home. He wisely advised that only the strong, well-supplied, and well-funded miner should go.

Tappan Adney, a *Harper's Weekly* correspondent, wrote an equally riveting account of the Klondike. Although not a gold seeker himself, he did make the arduous journey and often stood alongside the miners and merchants, adroitly capturing the flavor and spirit of the stampede as no other. Sent by the magazine in 1897, this journalist narrated in detail every major facet of the rush including mining techniques, boat building, steamship arrivals, the hustle and bustle of Skagway and Dawson, wages of the dance hall girls, the colorful personalities, statistics on the amount of gold harvested, and the hopes, aspirations, and disappointment of many of those who risked it all for instant wealth. He covered with "you are there" realism, the cold, the pesky summertime mosquitoes, and the



recipe for that popular buzz-producing libation known as hootchino or “hootch.” Not only was Adney a brilliant wordsmith but he was also an accomplished photographer, illustrating *The Klondike Stampede* with his own images including panoramas of Dawson, Bonanza Creek, and Skagway.

My favorite account, however, is Mary E. Hitchcock’s *Two Women in the Klondike* published in 1899. In her narrative, she describes the most improbable outfit in mining history. Hitchcock traveled with Edith May Van Buren, the grand-niece of President Martin Van Buren. These well-to-do globetrotting women assembled their gear in San Francisco and headed out in June 1898 to the Klondike and Dawson City. Their supplies consisted of a four-hundred-pound circus tent capable of holding seventy-people, plus a half ton of household goods including china and silverware, air mattresses and pillows, mirror, easy chairs, well-stocked library, soda machine, a gramophone, one-hundred-pound mahogany music box, antique Italian mandolin, ice cream freezer, movie projector, and a fifty-four-foot-long portable bowling alley. And, if these were not enough, they brought a menagerie of two dozen pigeons, a parrot, canaries, and two great Danes named Ivan and Queen. Amazingly, it was their intent to hunt for gold on the creeks that fed into the Klondike River and to make money by showing films to culture-starved sourdoughs. Roughing it, they survived long enough to leave the Klondike before winter and push on to another adventure.

In conclusion, I am hopeful 2018 will bring a close to this long journey. One can go on forever looking for new titles, especially since the stampedes to the far north generated such a vast amount of pamphlets. Consequently, bibliographies are always a work in progress. I console myself with the words of that great bibliographer, Henry R. Wagner:

In bibliographic work, after one has accumulated ninety-five percent of the information he desires, he finds the remaining five percent almost impossible to obtain. No sooner has the bibliography appeared on the market than somebody comes forth to announce that he or she has a book not mentioned in it, and after a while these sometimes amount to quite a disreputable number. Nevertheless, it is not worthwhile to try to get all; you are likely to die while waiting to obtain the last two or three percent. Better publish what you have and let the other fellow add to it. That has always been my principle, and I think it is the right one.





Wensislaus Hollar (1607–1677), “A Virginian Woman; Mulier ex Virginia, W. Hollar fecit.” Etching, circa 1643, similar but not identical to images in Theodore de Bry (1528–1598) engravings (after Shite) in Thomas Harriot’s *A briefe and true report of the new found land of Virginia*, Frankfort, 1590.

## SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA SIGHTINGS

Carolee Campbell

It was early June 1991. I had just gotten off the river at Split Mountain in northeastern Utah. My rafting partner and I had finished yet another whitewater rafting trip, this time rowing the Yampa and Green Rivers; floating through deep sandstone canyons and along river meanders through wild open country on the back of the last undammed major tributary of the Colorado River system. The take-out was at Split Mountain.

Situated not far from there, up Cub Creek, where Box Canyon and Hog Canyon join, we found a cabin. It was the remains of the Josie Bassett Morris homestead.

Early on in her life, this woman had worked her way through five husbands and in 1913 built her own homestead in back of beyond where she lived alone on her small spread without plumbing or electricity for fifty years. In time she would



eschew the cumbersomeness of skirts for the jobs at hand, which were among other things raising cattle, some of which she had rustled. (She was acquitted of cattle rustling twice when she was in her 60s.) She planted orchards and extensive gardens. And she was not unknown to Butch Cassidy. She lived on her spread until she was ninety when her horse butted her, breaking her hip in the fall.

Coming off the river as I did, feeling the afterglow from the relatively brief but rugged independence of being in the wild, I felt a certain kinship with Josie Morris. Never mind that I was rowing while sitting on a cooler full of ice cold beer, fresh meat, and vegetables. And never mind my VW van was parked not far from the take-out waiting for me. Still and all, I had touched wildness.

This brings me to the subject at hand; the ravishing private collection of books amassed by Caroline Schimmel on the history of women in the frontier. I will say right out—run, don’t walk—to acquire the accompanying catalogue for an exhibition of books selected from Caroline’s collection entitled *OK, I’ll Do It Myself: Narratives of Intrepid Women in the American Wilderness: Selections from the Caroline F. Schimmel Collection, New York*. Of the 144 books, photographs, manuscripts, and memorabilia by 101 women dating from 1682 to 2015 on display, they represent less than a mere .005% of her holdings!

As described in the foreword to the catalogue, “this is an exemplary collection meticulously assembled over decades of effort to show the ways in which women grappled not only with day to day circumstances in remote, frontier areas and times across America, but how they also struggled to assure that their accounts saw the light of day in print. This collection is one of the most majestically comprehensive of any type of Americana in private hands today.”

For those of you who won’t have been able to get to the Saint Louis Mercantile Library at the University of Missouri in the summer and fall of 2017, or the Degolyer Library at Southern Methodist University in Dallas in the first months of 2018 to see the exhibit firsthand, you will still have the endlessly fascinating catalogue to savor containing descriptions of each book, all of which are illustrated in color. Most importantly, you will have the voice of the collector herself, as she has written not only the introduction but also all of the entries. So brilliant, so charming, so entertaining. I just want to hug her.

The following is the first entry in the catalogue with the subheading, *First Americans*, (“Americans” meaning both Americas). It starts off with a bang:

*Malinalli (Aztec), also known as Doña Marina Cortés, La Malinche, and La Chingada (1500?–1529?) Poem for La Malinche by Ira Cohen. Kathmandu: Bardo Matrix, 1974. #1 of 500 copies.*

The life of Malinalli, a child of Nahuatl nobility, turned upside down when her father died and her mother remarried and had a son. Mom shipped her off to another town and family far away, then announced she was dead and claimed her position and property. In 1519, Hernán Cortés and his Spanish troops arrived in Tobasco, where Malinalli and 19 other



maidens were given to him as a peace offering. Baptized and renamed Marina, she soon became his chief interpreter (*malintzin*), negotiator, and the mother of the first well-known mestizo. Now a Christian, she publicly forgave her mother and half-brother for their dastardly deeds. Contemporary chronicler Bernal Díaz del Castillo praised her beauty and her linguistic talents in his 1576 book. Guidebook writer Frances Toor reports in *Mexico* that she “was found strangled to death, and gossip has it, by [Hernán’s] own hands, because he was annoyed by her jealousy.” She would become a figure loved or loathed, depending on one’s political, religious, and eventually feminist beliefs. La Malinche, based on the word for interpreter, came to represent imposing one’s language and power on another, hence an epithet. She’s also been referred to as La Chingada (The Whore). Haniel Long’s *Interlinear to Cabeza de Vaca* (1936) revived interest in her. In this brief poem by American-born printer/poet/hippie Ira Cohen (1935–2011), she is a powerful, shapeshifting (even an Oriental man here) everywoman. Dear friend Nancy Sullivan discovered my “copy #1” in 2015 in the chaotic back room of Cohen’s book store, still on the city’s main street, while on her annual trip to teach midwifery in the mountains of northern Nepal.

Caroline makes it clear to us in her introduction that she is not a scholar. She has friends for that. She also states, interestingly, that she acquired the great bulk of her collection before there was access to the Internet. The books were acquired while traveling, by chance, or through “the kindness of astute book dealers.” While some of her collection is still in her possession in New York, “untold numbers,” as she puts it, much is also at the Kislak Center for Special Collections, Rare Books and Manuscripts at Caroline’s alma mater, the University of Pennsylvania, which has as of 2014 all of her collected fiction with the exception of the few books shown in the exhibition.

The catalogue is divided into five themes. The first is the aforementioned *First Americans* and includes this entry:

*Mourning Dove (Okinagan/Shwee-al-puh) (1884–1936) Coyote Stories, Edited and Illustrated by Heister Dean Guie with Notes by L. V. McWhorter (Old Wolf) and a Foreword by Chief Standing Bear.* Caldwell, ID: The Caxton Printers, Ltd., 1933. Inscribed by her Anglo mentor McWhorter (1860–1944) to Native American historian Jerome Peltier, on “Hunting Moon 29 Suns, 1943 Snows.”

Born Hum-Ishu-Ma, and also known as Christal Quintasket, the author was born in a canoe on the Kootenai River in Idaho. Under her pen name Mourning Dove, she here retells thirty-eight of her people’s genesis and trickster tales, heard from her father and “story tellers,” honored men and women of the Colville Reservation on the Washington-Canada border. Her paternal grandfather had been “a Hudson’s Bay Company man, a hardy, adventurous Celt” and her maternal great grandfather head chief. For a few years, she had attended the Fort Shaw Indian School in Montana.

(Did you catch that? She was born in a canoe.) In that same section we find:

*Louise Erdrich (Chippewa, 1954–) Love Medicine.* NY: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1984. First edition, extra-illustrated throughout by the author in colored pens and with mementos pasted in.

An enrolled member of the Turtle Mountain Band of Chippewa Indians, Louise won the National Book Critics Circle Award for her astonishing first novel, which interweaves 60 years



of the fictional Kashpaw, Pillager, and Nanapush families. Chapters by the struggling author had first appeared in seven different [sic] (oops!) periodicals; two were written at MacDowell where she notes with glee that “a basket of food appeared on my doorstep each day.”

This is a book I inhaled when it first came out. My copy however, was a mere first edition. Nothing compared to the unique copy in Caroline’s collection, which she goes on to describe thus:

For a PEN America charity auction in 2014, she sprinkled this copy with autobiographical annotations and with cut-out mementos and cartoons, a bouquet of wry humor and graceful advice to other writers. The colored vine seen throughout is “Floral beading designs based on shirt, Fort Totten, North Dakota 1890.” Below her photo on the dust jacket flap she adds, “4 months pregnant ...[so that child] was created entirely of soda crackers and ginger Ting Tings—all I could eat.”

The second section in the catalogue is entitled *Colonizers*. Selecting entries as examples from this section was difficult, one being more delectable than the next. Here are but three:

*Mary White Rowlandson* (1637–1711) *A True History of the Captivity & Restoration of Mary Rowlandson*. London: Printed first at New-England: And Re-printed at London, and sold by Joseph Poole, at the Blue Bowl in the Long Walk, by Christs-Church Hospital, 1682. Second (1st British) edition.

This mouse-nibbled pamphlet is the oldest publication in my collection. In 1675 English-born Mary was living in the tiny isolated settlement of Lancaster, Massachusetts, having married its first ordained minister. She and Joseph had three young children. While he was back in Boston some 40 miles away, pleading for military protection, the town was attacked by Narragansett Indians retaliating for recent defeats at the hands of the English. Mary, her sister, and her children were among 20 captured alive. The eleven other villagers were killed on the spot. The group moved constantly around the state and up to Vermont, all the while both captors and captives were negotiating their release. She marvelled at the Indians’ near-miraculous ability to find food in the forests. Daughter Sarah died of the bullet wound received during the attack and several other captives escaped or died. Almost three months later, Joseph persuaded some charitable Bostonians to donate twenty pounds and she was released, as were her children and sister a week later: “I have been in the midst of those roaring lions . . . sleeping all sorts together, and yet not one of them ever offered the least abuse of unchastity to me,” she assures readers. Mary’s narrative, along with those of Hannah Duston, Mary Ferguson, Mahitabel Goodwin, and Mary Plaisted, was reworked by Joseph’s boss Cotton Mather in *Magnalia Christi Americana* (1702) into a paean to God for saving her life, yet it is obvious she did most of the heavy lifting. No copy of the American first edition, *The Sovereignty and Goodness of God*, has been found. Yet!

*Mary Godfrey* *An Authentic Narrative of the Seminole War; its Cause, Rise and Progress, and a Minute Detail of the Horrid Massacres of the Whites, by the Indians and Negroes, in Florida, in the Months of December, January and February. Communicated for the press by a Gentleman who has spent eleven weeks in Florida, near the scene of the Indian depredations, and in a situation to collect every important fact relating thereto.* [Edited by David F. Blanchard.] Providence, RI: Printed for D. F. Blanchard and Others, Publishers, 1836. First edition, first issue & 22A. First edition, second issue & 22B.



Second edition, 1836 & 22C. First New York edition, Printed for D. F. Blanchard and Others, Publishers, 1836 & 22D. Second New York edition, Published by Saunders & Van Welt, 1836.

This slender publication tells Northern readers of the violence in Florida which started in December 1835, the opening of the second Seminole War. Anonymously and floridly written, the polemic was intended by President Andrew Jackson to get political and popular backing for pouring U.S. troops into Florida, which was not US territory, and for the expulsion or extermination of the Seminoles and freed slaves in Florida. This had been his and other Southerners' goal for decades. The pamphlet's dramatic narrative of the "plight" of an illegal white settlement is reinforced by the dramatic oversize frontispiece, with hand-colored red faces and flames and blood. Mary Godfrey was the only survivor of the four colonizing families. Jackson and his generals were infuriated yet awestruck that Chiefs Micanopy and Jumper used the swampy terrain to their advantage, to attack and disappear, leaving the army decimated. The text has been altered with each printing, with fresh updates and dramatic images on the title page and frontispiece.

*Myra Fairbanks Eells* (1805–1878) Autograph letter from Tshimakain, Oregon Territory, January 30, 1840 to Alden Grout Missionary, Port Natal, S. Africa.

Here is the apotheosis of my title. A well-educated woman from Massachusetts, and a fervent Congregationalist since a teen, Myra was well into spinsterhood when she met her husband-to-be Cushing Eells while studying to be a missionary. A war sidelined their original plan to teach among the Zulu and in 1838 she was one of the first white women to go to the west coast not by ship, but across the Rockies. Her essentials stuffed in a satchel 1/4 smaller than Annie Oakley's trunk, she and three other mission wives and their husbands, horses, milk cows, and mules joined 54 traders and 17 wagons. The ship with their china etc. would arrive in 18 months. For the final 1000 miles, the ladies rode the horses, sidesaddle of course. In this letter home to Charlotte Bailey Grout, a fellow congregant, missionary, and new bride, who had written the prior year that she and Alden had just been assigned to South Africa, Myra is still bitter about the trials of the journey, but proud that she was the only woman not thrown by her horse. They and another couple are "ministers, farmers, mechanicks & scholars," building their own homes; growing, milking, and hunting for food; and tending to frequent visitors and new babies. Cushing was gone much of the time, responsible for the religious conversion and teaching of Native Americans within "a circle of 60 miles ...1500 to 2000 souls." Myra includes a detailed description of the several local tribes, whose very different languages frustrate their task to write a single school primer. "The more wives they have the richer they are . . . If a man gets tired of a wife, as he says, he throws her away, & so with the women if they dislike their husbands they can throw them away. They appear cheerful & happy." The postmarks indicate Charlotte finally received the letter in Zululand. My best guess at transcribing the horrid handwriting will be available as a handout during the exhibition.

The three remaining themes are: *Toughing It Out*, *Nature*, and *Popularizers*. I won't give examples from these sections. Just make it your business to get this catalogue. However, here is a peek at just some of the titles under the theme, *Toughing It Out*:

*Frances Milton Trollope* (1780–1863) *The Life and Adventures of Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw; or Scenes on the Mississippi...with Fifteen Engravings. In Three Volumes*. London: Richard Bentley, 1836. First edition.





POST PRINT, LIVINGSTON, MONT.

*Elizabeth Bacon Custer* (1842-1933) *Boots and Saddles*. NY: Harper & Brothers, 1926 (first edition, 1885) & 45A. Her two-piece mohair & cotton dress, made by James McCreery and Co., New York City, n.d.

*Calamity Jane*, born Martha Jane Cannery, a.k.a. Marthy C. Burke (1852-1903) *Life and Adventures of Calamity Jane. By Herself*. Livingston, MT, 1896. Second edition, original pink wrapper, engraved portrait on front cover & 46A. Studio photo by R. L. Kelly, signed in the plate.

*Annie Oakley* (born Phoebe Ann Mosey, 1860-1926) Photo, London, 1891, inscribed "Compliments of Annie Oakley, Strassburg, April 18th, 1891" & 48A. 2 pairs of gloves, leather & beaded suede, ca. 1900, each signed in pen on the lining & 48B. A heart card pierced by 5 bullets & 48C. A typed telegraph letter on Pennsylvania Limited stationery to Emma Butler & 48D. Steamer trunk, ca. 1917 & 48E. Photo of the leads in "The Western Girl," NY, 1902?

*Patricia McCormick* (1929-2013) *Lady Bullfighter: The Autobiography of the North American Matador, Illustrated with Photographs [&] Line Drawings by the Author*. NY: Henry Holt and Company, 1954. First edition, inscribed to "the excellent 'aficionada' Mary McFarland" and extra-illustrated with nine newspaper articles, including "Pretty Pat's a Texas Torera," *Houston Chronicle*, Sept. 26, 1954.

In the section with the theme, *Nature*, I simply *have* to include the full description of one of the most exquisite books listed in this catalogue. I have seen the work of Maria Sibylla Merian myself at the Getty Center. It is simply astonishing.



*Maria Sibylla Merian (1647-1717) Metamorphosis insectorum surinamensium. Ofte verandering der Surinaamsche insecten...Door Maria Sibylla Merian.* Amsterdam: Voor den auteur,...als ook by Gerard Valck, 1705. Unique copy of the first edition in Dutch, almost all the plates in counter-proof (reverse images), printed and hand colored.

Born into a famous Nuremberg family of printers and engravers, Maria was trained as an artist. Since childhood she had created a private world, a small wood box in which she placed caterpillars and leaves and watched them spin cocoons which then metamorphosed magically into butterflies. Displays of butterflies had been considered an essential component of any late seventeenth-century gentleman's Cabinet of Curiosities, a microcosm of the wondrousness of God's hand. Maria was the first person to track and document the actual biological process and to understand that when the environment was not exactly right, the cocoon would fail. She then drew all the stages of life on one page, setting them on the plant species which were essential for them. Her observations produced two stunning folio studies on European species in 1679 and 1683. Maria decided to pursue her obsession in unknown territory and set off with her teenage daughter to Surinam, where an uncle had a business. The interior was virtually unrecorded. Turning to the local Amerindians for help—from medicinal secrets to chopping down trees so she could see what lived in their tops—they lived in the steamy jungles and studied and sketched prodigiously, until a "jungle fever" sent her home after only two of the five years she planned to spend there. You see here the result, from her own hand: a monumental work of science and beauty. There were three more editions after she died. Without her meticulous supervision, errors and additions crept in. For instance, in plate 18 the enormous spider's toes actually were a delightful bright pink, but the color was "corrected" to tan by the arrogant male advisors to Maria's daughters after her death. Fortunately a documentary on her life is currently in the works.

From the last section, *Popularizers*, I will mention but two. The first is:

*Nellie Bly* [pseudonym of Elizabeth Cochran Seaman] (1864-1922) *Game of Around the World with Nellie Bly; A Novel and Fascinating Game With the World's Globe Circler; with Plenty of Excitement by Land and Sea.* NY: McLoughlin Bros Pub., 1890.

The second title is a book that I have in my own collection. It is written and illustrated by a colleague of mine, Carol Blinn, proprietor of the Warwick Press. It is perfectly charming.

*Carol J. Blinn A Poultry Piece: Being a Discourse on the Joys of Raising Ducks and Geese. Written and Illustrated by Carol J. Blinn.* Easthampton, MA: Warwick Press, 1978. One of 250 copies.

Go get your catalogue for the complete description of this joyful, wee book.

There are several photographs in the catalogue with short citations which also come from Caroline's collection. One is by the photographer, Laura Gilpin (1891-1979), "Young Navajo mother and her child [Sosie Hogan, Cove Area, Arizona]." Studio print, 1953. Published in *The Enduring Navajo*, University of Texas Press, 1968.

I have had the great pleasure of knowing Laura Gilpin, whom I first met in Santa Fe where she had a home. She was a photographer whose involvement with the Navajo began in 1930. As a woman of Western toughness and Eastern



gentility, she could hire a plane or camp overnight to get the picture she wanted. I have four of her photographs in my own collection, one in platinum taken in 1933 of Navajo weavers, one of my favorite subjects. I also have a copy of *The Enduring Navajo*, which she signed to me. Looking through my copy now, acquired in the late '70s, brings vivid memories of Laura and of my years of travel through Navajo land on my way to raft one river or another.

And finally a word about the catalogue itself, designed by the redoubtable Jerry Kelly. The choice of Fournier and Surveyor types is a good one. Felicitous to read. The double-page spreads are very satisfying with descriptive text on the verso and illustrations on the recto so the item you are reading about is pictured right there. There is generosity in the page size with good quality paper to enhance the illustrations.

Robert Lorenzson was selected to photograph the collection, not an easy task with some books being of such fragility. There are also cumbersome objects: a mohair dress, pink rhinestone boots, a trekking pole.

I greatly appreciate the extra expense that went into the fold-over at the foreedges of the front and back cover. It adds sturdiness to the cover as well as imparting an important haptic refinement. Expense was not spared in this catalogue.

I will confess that upon first seeing the cover design, a brightly colored drawing of a cowgirl in full regalia, lassoing a snorting, panting bull with the title—OK, I'LL DO IT MYSELF—I thought, "Oh, pleeze!" But that was before I entered the world of Caroline F. Schimmel. It was before she seduced me with her singular collection and enchanting catalogue descriptions. I realized then that the cover simply goes with the territory, all the way down to the selection of cover paper color. What is it? Ochre? Mustard? It just all adds up to a unified whole; a successful catalogue design of an extraordinary collection amassed by an extraordinary woman.

And in a final salute, as one closes the catalogue, there on the back cover is a snapshot of Caroline herself, taken by her mother, Mary White Fearey in 1946 Philadelphia. Caroline is wearing a ten-gallon hat that is either jauntily off to one side or simply falling off, while she seems just about to fast-draw her gun out of the holster which is dragging at her knee. She couldn't be more than two—and she's laughing like crazy.

🍷 Carolee Campbell is the proprietor of Ninja Press, which is now in its thirty-fourth year, in Sherman Oaks, California.



## MATRIX &amp; DOUBLE DAGGER

John Randle

The seeds of *Matrix* were sown by two items which needed to be published, but would not in themselves stand up as individual publications: the diary of a pressman at the Shakespeare Head Press from 1928, and Brocard Sewell's recollections of working with the printer-engraver Edward Walters at about the same time. These two seemed to set the tone for *Matrix*, which has seldom strayed pre-1900. Its priority has become to record events while their perpetrators (or their heirs) are still with us, rather than rake over the ashes of already-recorded events.

It then occurred to me that if we were to put these two together with a few other items, the result may have a wide enough scope to interest people in investing in the result. We kept "Whittington" out of the title as I did not want to give the impression that it was a house journal for the Whittington Press, in fact all mention of the press was banned until relatively recently. "*Matrix*" was chosen as the title as the 72-point Caslon swash M would look good on the masthead. To keep costs down and keep it all under one roof we bought a Monotype caster and keyboard, some ingots of lead and a 12-point Caslon die-case (all for less than the local typesetter's estimate for doing the whole job), and *Matrix* became the first job to be cast at the press.

It was subtitled *A Review for Printers & Bibliophiles*: "Review" because this suggested echoes of reviews such as the infamous *Little Review* which flourished (though they did for six months have to camp by the shores of Lake Michigan) in Chicago from 1914-26, and could claim Pound, Eliot, Joyce and Hemingway between their brilliant Dadaist covers; "Printers" because this was to be a journal for printers, from printers, printed from type on a 1936 Double Crown Wharfedale cylinder press; and "Bibliophiles" because it was also aimed at those interested in books and their contents.

Optimistically, we placed a single quarter-page advertisement in *Fine Print*, which I had recently visited in San Francisco and been impressed to see the number of keen lady volunteers working happily away in Bush St. This proved prescient, as about a third of the edition crosses the Atlantic, and American support, both financial and editorial, has proved crucial. We priced *Matrix* 1 at £10 a copy and it quickly sold out, though I did give quite a few away, fearing it would suffer the fate of many small journals and, like the Australian *Wayzgoose* in 1985 and Fr Brocard Sewell's *The Thing* of 1939, fail to make it to the second issue. This was encouraging for the novice publishers, though I had learned from my experience working with Fleet Street journals in the 1960s that a well-informed journal is, unlike book publishing, an attractive source of regular revenue, if only one can keep up the momentum and never have to scrape the barrel for content.



*Matrix* is now at its thirty-fifth issue. Far from having had to scrape the barrel, the problem has always been to keep the length of issues within the capabilities of the press. On the whole we have kept up the annual cycle (the number happily coinciding with the year), though with some considerable effort—just sending out close on 1,000 copies worldwide, in a mix of regular and special editions (the specials are quarter bound in coloured leathers with marbled papers) is no mean logistical feat, not least for Rose who has to keep track of the orders. Lately, *Matrix* has had to give way to other large projects taking up their share of press time, and has lagged a little, though I was encouraged to read recently that there was a gap of twenty-five years between the last two issues of Rocky Stinehour's journal *Notes on Printing & Graphic Arts*.

*Matrix* has now been with us for thirty-five issues, and it is hard to imagine life without it. One never stops thinking about possibilities for the next issue. Our subscribers and contributors have been a model of forbearance and generosity—we used to pay the latter a modest honorarium but finally stopped when so many expressed surprise at receiving their cheque, so instead we try to be generous with the quality of the offprints of their articles, which indeed are appreciated.

As many have discovered, editing a small review is a rewarding experience. Everyone enjoys being associated with it: readers enjoy being entertained, and people like to see themselves in print. As long as the initial effort of getting the flywheel turning proves productive, and worthwhile contributions continue to flow in, a momentum is generated that carries the whole circus forward year on year.

Lifting eight-page formes on and off a Heidelberg cylinder press twice a day is heavy work, and I was glad of Patrick's help with *Matrix* 31 in 2014. He has taken to the Heidelberg SBB as I took to the Wharfedale SW2 forty years earlier, on which the first four issues of *Matrix* were printed until the run outstripped the speed of the machine, and he has even suggested reprinting the thirty earlier issues with decent inking and impression. Meanwhile, no doubt tired of my obsession with the legacy of William Morris and the twentieth-century typographical renaissance, he has now taken to printing his own annual *Double Dagger* on the Heidelberg, a multi-colour tabloid celebrating the integration of hot-metal type with digitally cut ornament and illustration. He has recently completed the run of 4,400 copies of the second issue, involving some 250,000 impressions. As we found with *Matrix*, number two is the key issue, it shows whether or not the series is intended to continue. Thus far, the omens seem good.

✂ John Randle is the proprietor of Whittington Press in the United Kingdom and the publisher of *Matrix*.



## REVIEWS

Lead Graffiti, *Endurance Letterpress: No. 4 in a series of moments carved in paper*. Newark, DE: Lead Graffiti, 2017. 23 cm. [28] pp. \$305 (housed in clamshell, 15 copies), \$155 (softcover, 100 copies).

Gerald W. Cloud

Many members of the Book Club of California will be familiar with Lead Graffiti, the letterpress and design studio run by Ray Nichols and Jill Cypher, in Newark, Delaware. Nichols and Cypher came to letterpress printing by way of successful careers in graphic design, both on the commercial side and through academic teaching at the University of Delaware. They founded Raven Press in 2003 at the university as a way to teach graphic design and to experiment with letterpress printing, paste paper design, and bookmaking. Shortly after came the Lead Graffiti imprint, which produces books, posters, and other graphic art combining sophisticated design with traditional letterpress printing. From their shop, which includes two Vandercooks, a Chandler and Price, and two iron presses, an Albion and a Washington, Lead Graffiti produces their various projects and conducts teaching workshops on design and printing.

For those not familiar with Lead Graffiti's output, *Endurance Letterpress: No. 4 in a series of moments carved in paper* provides an excellent introduction. *Endurance Letterpress* is elegantly designed and printed on 300 gram Somerset Textured White paper with blind debossing for tipped-in images, with full spread color illustrations printed off-set on gloss paper. The volume serves as a handbook that accompanies the press's *Tour de Lead Graffiti* (2011–2015), a five-year series that graphically documents every stage of the annual Tour de France bicycle race. For cycling enthusiasts, the volume evokes the annual race book that the professional riders and their teams rely on to guide them stage-by-stage through the three-week bicycle race. *Endurance Letterpress* provides equivalent guidance to the *Tour de Lead Graffiti* broadside series, but some background information on the latter is in order.

## LEAD GRAFFITI'S TOUR DE FORCE

The *Tour de Lead Graffiti* was inspired by two unrelated "germs." First, the work of George Lois, "a New York Art Director's Club Hall of Fame advertising hero," who shared with Nichols the story of a 1960s advertising campaign in which Lois created a daily TV ad based on the front-page headline of the *New York Herald Tribune* morning edition (Lois was fed the headline the night before, and the TV campaign required spontaneous and rapid response). The second germ of



inspiration came from Nichols's own fascination with the extreme endurance and invisibly intricate strategies that are inherent to success in the Tour de France.

Thus, every July from 2011–2015, Nichols and Cypher combined these elements: spontaneous daily design and endurance-driven team-production—in shifts of up to 15 hours per day. Their goal? Design and print a daily broadside (57 x 37 cm) that translates the salient result of that day's race into pictographic terms. To achieve this, they gathered each morning with an ever-changing cast of collaborators to watch the bicycle race on television, and make notes on the significant aspects of the day's competition. They even extended the ritual protocols of the Tour de France to their midday meal, at which the collaborators planned the day's broadside over a hearty lunch that would sustain them until late in the evening as they printed the 45 copies required for the edition; and each contributor—or team member—who worked on the day's broadside would “sign-in” in a special printed box at the foot of the poster; again, mimicking the pre-race “sign-in” riders engage in before competing.

In commenting on their transition from teaching in a more structured academic setting to the pursuit of a personal project, Lead Graffiti describes their working methods as follows:

We liked spontaneous projects where we were printing the piece in the moment, often locking up for one color while not always knowing what we were going to do for the next. Little, if any sketching. Reacting with our gut ... (7)

The results of the finished broadsides (examples of which are reproduced in smaller scale, but in vibrant color) show a kinetic and extemporaneous quality that remains elegantly expressive. Even for those with no insider knowledge of professional bike racing, the posters speak in an articulate visual language that communicates the race result via words, symbols, arrows, and pictographic representation, but without repetition—several of the stages over the five-year span of the project did follow a similar route or finished on the top of the same mountain, but the printers decided that, “as designers, we must take pains to find different ways of telling similar stories without duplicating visual ideas” (8). The color reproductions of the broadsides that appear in *Endurance Letterpress* indeed reveal that the Lead Graffiti team succeeded in balancing these two elements.

A word about the typefaces used in *Tour de Lead Graffiti*

Nichols and Cypher wanted a distinctive appearance for each edition of their project, something indicative of their commercial design background, so they cut a pair of original two-inch alphabets, plus an arrow (to represent the riders and the direction of the race) for each of the five editions. The method of their approach reveals a lot about the inventive spirit of Lead Graffiti:



For each of the five years we made two typefaces, always 12 line (two inches high). We produced them one of two ways depending on how much hand work was involved. The first method was with a CNC router. We had a woodworker make us 2' x 3' boards, planed to .918 (or at least close). All they would guarantee was within 0.008, which is pretty loose. When you are using a router, with a round bit, you cannot get all the way to a point, say in the inside bottom of an uppercase V, [which required a lot of hand work]. If the typeface demanded a lot of that kind of work we would have the entire font made into copperplates. We would typically get back a block with about 18" of letters on one line. We would cut them apart on a saw in our studio. Typically, we did one regular weight face and one condensed which we would intersperse, sometimes with reckless abandon. Ordinarily, our choice for a font was one that hadn't been done in letterpress before. [The first year] we did Clarendon Extra Bold Condensed as well as an outline version... The last year we used "Velo", a digital image from House Industries, because it was taken from cycling culture.<sup>1</sup>

The annually changing alphabets for each edition of the project carry a signature style and add to the ingeniously designed graphic tropes that are used throughout the project. In addition to their custom-designed alphabets and arrow symbols, Lead Graffiti made use of many relief surfaces, such as wood and metal type, linoleum cuts, printer's ornaments, and even bicycle chains. Their use of rich colors, usually a minimum of three for a given poster, is complimented by their inventive use of a hand-inking technique that combines colors in a swirling and dynamic manner that underscores the speed inherent in bicycle racing, resulting in a unique impression for each broadside so printed.

Each edition of the *Tour de Lead Graffiti* includes 23 daily broadsides (unlike professional bicycle racers, Nichols and Cypher did not observe the two rest days afforded the riders, but printed a broadside on those days as well), accompanied by a title page, a descriptive page, a colophon, and a composite overprint sheet, all housed in a custom-made clamshell. The *Tour de Lead Graffiti* project has been well received, and a selection of 50 posters was displayed at the inaugural exhibition of the Hamilton Wood Type Museum's new gallery in 2014, and Lead Graffiti gave the keynote address on the project at the 2016 annual meeting of the Society of the Typographic Arts in Chicago.

Readers of *Endurance Letterpress* benefit from the knowledge of the *Tour de Lead Graffiti* project; however, this well-designed and expertly printed handbook also provides much pleasure for those interested in the printer's inspirations, creative process, and techniques. The introductory and explanatory text of *Endurance Letterpress* is printed from polymer plates on the same thick paper as the broadsides, while the full-color reproductions of their favorite posters from each year's series are printed off-set on gloss paper, allowing readers to appreciate the large broadsides in a handier format that nonetheless evokes the original visually and tactilely. The book's concertina binding is also an appropriate choice: when opened and viewed from above the pages radiate like bicycle spokes off the hub or spine of the book.



*Endurance Letterpress* showcases Lead Graffiti's skill in combining letterpress and offset printing, their expertise as designers, and their ability to simply allow a project to unfold according to its own forces and momentum. The volume is both aesthetically appealing and artful in the way it documents and expresses a passion for printing and the greatest bicycle race in the world.

I Ray Nichols account of their process shared with the reviewer via email.

✂ Gerald W. Cloud is a bookseller in San Francisco specializing in literary manuscripts & rare books, books about books, continental books, and archives of all kinds. He is the editor of the forthcoming CODEX Papers, an international journal of the book arts.



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Judy Dater, *Only Human: Portraits and Nudes (1964 to 2016)*. Los Angeles: Marymount Institute Press and TSEHAI Publishers, 2018.

### Dennis Letbetter

Each one of Judy Dater's books is but a chapter in a prodigious novel which is her expansive and ever evolving oeuvre. She has produced six major publications, but for me there are three essential works and *Only Human* is the third leg of a tripod supporting the pantheon of her vision.

*Women & Other Visions* (Morgan & Morgan Inc., 1975) was my first encounter with her photography. It is a collaboration in the best sense with Jack Welpott. Under each image, as attribution, there is tantalizingly only the sex symbol of either Mars or Venus (the symbol for the female thought to represent a bronze mirror with a handle) indicating which photographer is the author though they are explicitly named in the index. Dater's voice is already fully formed, separating her in intent, potency, and penetrating perception of subject from that of Welpott's, the elder and seemingly more mature photographer.

*Cycles* (Kodansha, 1992) is the second significant "portfolio," as it is described in the book, in which she is perhaps the most expansive in terms of visual, technical, and thematic range. It is a visual delight, fearlessly and generously personal.

*Only Human* has a scope, a pacing, play of varying image scale and command of page that makes it the very best presentation in book form of her portraiture, her decided forte.

There are important editorial contributions by four scholars, intimately familiar with Dater's work. Marilyn Symmes thoughtfully puts Dater's portraits into an historical context with comparisons made to those of Durer, Botticelli, Weston, and Benton. The connections enlarge our view of Dater's respectful and knowing nod to these antecedents which have served to forge her vision. Gloria Williams Sander embraces with critical clarity some of the gender considerations implicit in Dater's very even-handed exploration of both male and female subjects, whether clothed or nude. These welcome arguments are even more compelling in contemporary society when increasingly such issues are at a cultural and political apex than when many of the photographs were originally exposed. Donna Stein writes in a more personal way in offering a warm comprehension of Dater the woman and creator. She seems to pull back the curtain on the internal working process of the photographer. So very wonderfully, Theresia de Vroom, the editor at Marymount Institute Press, begins with a lovely reverie on Miranda, Prospero's daughter in the *Tempest*, as being "the naïve and younger version of Judy Dater." It is too beautiful not to requote the line of Shakespeare which she tenders:



Miranda: O, wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there here!

How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,

That has such people in't.

In quotes taken from interviews with Dater, she reveals herself as acutely well-spoken and completely aware of her intentions and artistic process while maintaining a wholly credible, natural, and appealing modesty: that of a searching artist.

The gracious, insightful essays set a sagacious stage for the images to follow, but even within their paragraphs, the abiding melody is purely and only that of Judy Dater. The clarion lucidity of her images ultimately outshines the prose of the essayists, resulting in an appropriate, measured, and thoughtful balance in the book.

*Only Human* rectifies the evolution of her voice against the swaying critical tides which too often force her into the convenient box of her very first photographs in *Women & Other Visions*. The freshness of her contemporary work is the proper poetic contravention against such pigeonholing. Her oeuvre which has grown for 52 years, is a great, creative, and properly silent response.

While nurturing an ethically and politically left-wing and feminist stance, she has been too reasonably perspicacious with her gentle, embracing humanism to belong to or embrace any prescribed limitations, rendering her an original and potent voice. Her work engages with contemporary political reality in a most refreshing and revealing way.

The images here are not presented chronologically. She has created an arced sequence of emotional truth and visually thematic integrity. It is like a musical composition. The dynamic layout of the reproductions on the page, with varying size, placement, juxtaposition, grids, bleeds or borders amount to a celebration of Dater's truly expansive and fluidly open reconsideration of her photographs. This has been masterfully realized by the designer Chuck Byrne, along with his deft and subtle handling of type. The printing by InnerWorkings, Inc., Artron Art Ltd., in Shenzhen, China is sumptuous, approaching, and sometimes seeming to surpass the luminescence of her gelatin silver prints.

The unifying feature of the book is her portraits, including self-portraits. There is something revelatory about them. Dater seems to be endeavoring to reveal the nascent, pre-judgement, pre-thought individual, the roots of their psychological and individual experience and sharing with us her encounter, perhaps in ways that even she could never have predicted. Her risk is our gain. I have met some of her subjects but her portraits insightfully confound my understanding of them, revealing aspects I could never have fathomed, nor even dared to. Therein lies her genius: her keenly and intuitively tuned access to the deepest humanity in others.



Dater's photographs are more deep-seated than image alone, greater than her impeccable technique, part dream, part desire. They are an expression of the pure, generous, profound embrace she has for her subjects. Her vision is intelligent, kind, probing, respectful, sensual, and accepting, with a wonderfully antic, winking, voyeurism. I share what I think is her sense that in every living being there is an aspect of the profoundly beautiful.

Dater shifts our sense of seeing the world, and people, into one that she is not only revealing, but also directing. Stein in her essay explores her fascination with cinema which has seemed to inspire and instruct Dater in her mastery of gesture and prop.

There is no satire here. Dater's is an earnest language. Her work connects us with an unwritten credo leading us towards a hopeful and more coherent visual future. Her photographs in a time of terrifying upheaval chart a path of love. We cannot live without either image or story and Dater gives us both.

The last image in the book is of June Wayne facing away, with a handled mirror hanging from her back gently recalling the female symbol of Venus.

Having deeply appreciated the photography of Dater for years, I can sometimes delude myself into thinking that I've gotten the measure of her, but then I fall on a modest 35mm image entitled "Girl with Violin Case, Tokyo, Japan, 1976." It is for me the most tender image in the book and one of determined girl power.

✿ Dennis Letbetter is a photographer exhibited, published, and collected worldwide. He is founder of Editions Michel Eyquem and has owned and curated the Bonnafont Gallery since 1993. iMag is a quarterly publication featuring his work since 2014: [www.eyemag.org](http://www.eyemag.org).



## EDITOR'S NOTE

Peter Koch

This is the final issue of my editorship of the Book Club of California *Quarterly*. I have greatly enjoyed working with Interim Executive Director Anne Smith, Managing Editor Yuri Hobart, and Publications Committee Chair John Windle.

## CORRECTION NOTE

In last issue's "Editor's Notes" (page 102 of the previous volume) I incorrectly stated that the Jack Ginsberg collection is being gifted to the University of Johannesburg. The University of Johannesburg published the exhibition catalogue and arranged the Booknesses symposium. The new library (now to be called the Jack Ginsberg Centre for Book Arts) is at Jack's *alma mater*, the University of the Witwatersrand (universally called Wits).

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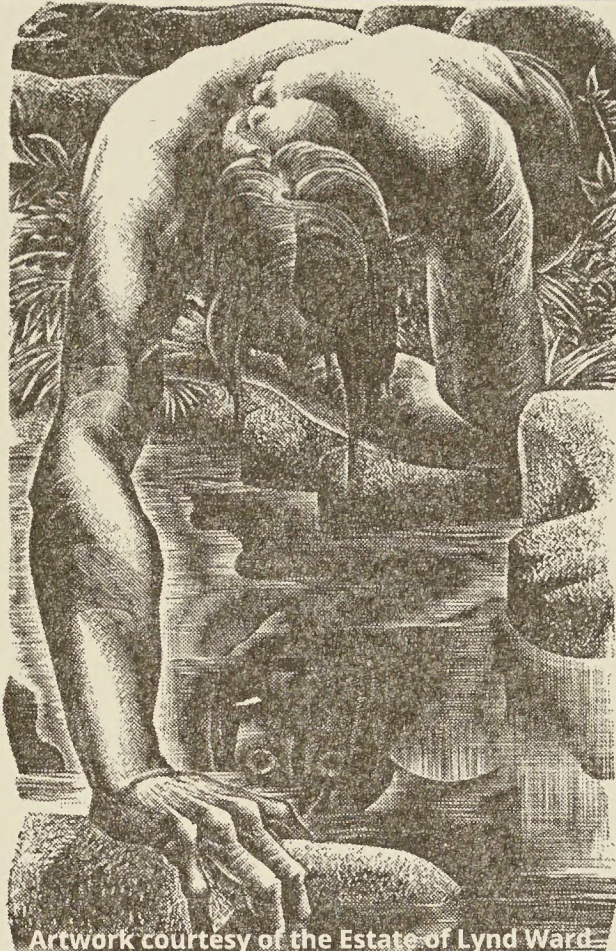


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